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IV.

EARLY AMERICAN POETRY

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS

One Hundred Copies printed on Hand-made Paper.

No. *37*.....

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EARLY AMERICAN POETRY

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS

1677—1717



BOSTON
THE CLUB OF ODD VOLUMES
1896

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ON THE REVEREND JOHN WILSON.

From *Johannes in Eremo*, 1695.

ON SEVEN YOUNG MINISTERS.

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ON EZEKIEL CHEEVER.

From *Corderius Americanus*, 1708.

ON THE HON. WAIT WINTHROP.

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ELEGIAC POEMS AND EPITAPHS.

1677-1717.



LEGIAC POETRY must fill this volume if we take works by dates, for not only was little else produced during many years, but so abundant is it that it would easily fill another volume. For variety of subject, however, chronology may not be hereafter followed.

The first poem here reproduced seems to have been the first that was written, printed, and published with its own title-page in our country. It is *An Elegy on the Reverend Thomas Shepard* of Charlestown, by the Reverend URIAN OAKES. Of the latter a sketch has been given in the preface to the third volume of this series. At the time

he wrote the Elegy he was superintending Harvard College. Four years later he died.

The Reverend Thomas Shepard, the son of a distinguished minister of Cambridge who bore the same name, was born in London in 1634, and with his father came to New England in 1635. In 1653 he graduated at Harvard. Six years later he was ordained teacher of the Church in Charlestown, where, until 1671, he was an associate of the Reverend Zechariah Symmes, but afterwards he was alone. Mather tells us (*Magnalia*, 189) that he "was as Great a Blessing and Glory as ever Charlestown had," and many a good and prominent man had already lived there.

A portion of this Elegy was printed in small modern type by the Reverend William I. Budington in his *History of the First Church, Charlestown*. The present complete and exact reproduction is from a copy owned by the writer that belonged to the late George Brinley of Hartford, in the catalogue of whose library it is called excessively rare, a term which there had much significance.

The title-page, supposed to be the first of a poem both written and printed within the present limits of our country, is reproduced in modern type, and in fac-simile by process (Heliotype Company) which shows the imperfect type and inking of the original.

Although the Reverend COTTON MATHER wrote only two poems issued as separate publications, he also wrote several that appear as parts of other works. The former are reproduced in the third volume of this series. Three of the latter and a long Epitaph that shows the author's Latin are given on the following pages. All the five works, it is believed, are for the first time reproduced in their original form, page for page.

Johannes in Eremo contains Lives of five prominent ministers republished in different form seven years later in the *Magnalia*, as also was the poem on the Reverend John Wilson. The latter is here, perhaps for the first time, reproduced in its original style from a fine copy of the rare and valuable edition of 1695, owned by Mr. Sumner Hollings-

worth. Mr. Wilson, the first minister of Boston, is so well known that no sketch of him is needed here. Born, in 1588, of eminent ancestry, educated in Law and in Divinity, he came to Boston in 1630. He died August 7th, 1667, and "was *Interr'd* with more than Ordinary Solemnity" (Life, p. 28).

"*Vigilantius* . . A Discourse Occasioned by the Early Death of Seven Young Ministers," was preached "At Boston Lecture, 8. d. 9. m. 1705," on the Text, "Therefore be ye also ready" (Matthew xxiv. 44). The pages 1 to 28 contain the Discourse, which is followed by a poem, exactly reproduced in this volume from a copy that belongs to Mr. Abram E. Cutter of Charlestown. By his courtesy the Club is enabled to present a very rare work found in few libraries.

While only two of the Ministers are named in the poem, all are in the Discourse, but with little or no biographical information. "TOMPSON of *Marshfield*" was Edward, born April 20, 1665, H. C., 1684, and minister there from Oct. 14, 1696, until he died, March 10, 1705, aged 40. (Drake,

913.) "MORSE, at *Newtown*" [L. I.], was John, who died there unmarried about 1700. (Morse Gen., 4.) The family seems to have been there many years. "WAKEMAN, at *Newark*" [N. J.], "a young man of distinguished attainments," died in 1704. (Barber, 178.) "An HUBBARD, at *Jamaica*. A *John* indeed," was (?) a graduate of Harvard who died in 1705. (Hubbard Gen., 101.) "From the Northward . . first, a WADE at *Berwick*," was the first pastor when the church was organized there in 1702. (Abbot, Hist. Me., 288.) He was then ordained, and died in 1704. (Sullivan, 246.) "GARDNER, at *Lancaster*," was Andrew, H. C., 1696, accidentally shot just before his settlement (Willard, 115), Oct. 25, 1704, aged 30. (Records, 148.) "Last of all, a CLARK, at *Exeter*." John, born Jan. 24, 1670, H. C., 1690, was minister of Exeter, N. H., from 1693 until he died, July 25, 1705, aged 35. (Bell's Exeter, 171-176.)

Corderius Americanus, 1708, contains an Elegy and an Epitaph on Mr. Ezekiel Cheever, which are here reproduced in the original form and style from

a copy owned by the writer. Both, but not in the same form, were reprinted by John T. Hassam, Esq., in his *Life of Ezekiel Cheever* (Boston, 1879). There was an edition in 1774, and another, abridged and altered by the Rev. E. C. Whitman, in 1828, both Boston; also a *Life* by H. Barnard, Hartford, 1856, with the *Elegy* in very small type, in double columns.

Mr. Cheever, born in London, January 25, 1614, came to Boston in 1637, and soon moved to New Haven. In November, 1650, he went to Ipswich. November 26, 1661, he was at Charlestown, where he stayed until early in 1671, when he went to Boston. There he died, August 21, 1708. At each of these American places he was a schoolmaster; in each he was much esteemed.

To these memorials in verse a Latin Epitaph is added from a rare work owned by Mr. Sumner Hollingsworth.

Hades Look'd into, 1717, is a small octavo containing (pp. i-vi) a Preface by Dr. Increase Mather, and (pp. 1-42) a Sermon followed by the Epitaph-

ium, by his son. The latter gives so many particulars about its subject, the Hon. Wait Winthrop, that few more are needed here. He was a prominent member of one of the most distinguished families in New England. "*He spent,*" says the Preface, "*most of his Days in the Massachusetts Colony; where many of the most Honourable Stations in the Government were assign'd unto him. . . . His Good Affection to the True and Best Interest of New England, was continually demonstrated.*" From the few recording leaves that time has spared, the *Odd Volumes* may well reproduce a testimonial to such a man.

This volume is already larger than its predecessors, and only a brief mention will be made of other works by the Reverend Cotton Mather containing poems that the Club may hereafter reproduce.

The Christian Thank-Offering, 1696, contains a versified paraphrase of the 103d Psalm.

Maschil, 1702, The A, B, C, of Religion, 1713, and The Way of Truth, 1721, have a "Body of Divinity Versified."

Monica Americana, a Funeral Sermon on Mrs. Sarah Leverett, 1705, has, on pages 29-32, "A Lacrymatory: Design'd for the *Tears* let fall at the Funeral of Mrs. SARAH LEVERET; Who Dy'd, 2 d. 11 m. 1704-5."

JAMES F. HUNNEWELL.

JUNE 10, 1896.



ELEGIE
ON THE
REVEREND THOMAS SHEPARD
1677

AN ELEGIE
UPON

The Death of the Reverend
Mr. THOMAS SHEPARD,
Late Teacher of the Church at
Charlstown in New-England:

By a great Admirer of his Worth, and true Mourner for
his Death.

Isai. 57. 1. The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart,
and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous
is taken away from the evil to come.

Zech. 1. 5. 6. Your Fathers where are they? And the Prophets
do they live for ever? but my words and my statutes, which I com-
manded my servants the Prophets, did they not take hold of your
Fathers?

Heb. 13. 7. Remember them which had the rule over you,
who have spoken unto you the word of God, whose Faith follow,
considering the end of their conversation.

CAMBRIDGE
Printed by Samuel Green. 1677.

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Fathers?*

*Heb. 13. 7. Remember them which had the rule over you,
who have spoken unto you the word of God, whose Faith follow,
considering the end of their conversation.*

CAMBRIDGE,
Printed by Samuel Green. 1677.

To the Reader.

(1)

R Eader! *I am no Poet: but I grieve!*
Behold here, what that passion can do!
That forc'd a verse, without Apollo's leave,
And whether th' Learned Sisters would or no.
My Grievs can hardly speak: my sobbing Muse
In broken terms our sad bereavement rues.

(2)

I wonder what the learned World still ailes,
To tune and pace their sorrows and complaints
In Rhythm and Verse! He that his crosses wailes
Indeed, would vent his griefs without restraints.
To tie our grief to numbers, measures, feet,
Is not to let it loose, but fetter it.

(3)

Is this it? that a Poets softer heart
Of great impressions susceptible is?
He wisely doth perform his mourning part
In Verse, lest grief should time and measure misf.
But griefs unmeasurable would not be
Curb'd, and rein'd-in by measur'd Poetry.

(4)

Stop, stop my Pen! lest Israel's singer sweet
Should be condemn'd, who, in that Song of th' Bow,
To vent his passionate complaints thought meet,
And to bewail his great Friends overthrow.
King David in an Elegiack Knell,
Rung out his dolours, when dear Jona'than fell.

(5)

No matter what's the trifling Poets Use,
Th' Imperious Law of custome we deride:
We have Diviner Warrant to produce,
The Sovereign, Sacred Poet is our guide.
He wept his Friend in verse: then let us try,
Now Shepard's faln, to write his Elegy.

u. O.

AN ELEGIE

Upon that Reverend, Learned, Eminently Pious, and Singularly
Accomplished Divine, my ever Honoured BROTHER

Mr. THOMAS SHEPARD,

The late Faithful and Worthy Teacher of the Church of Christ
at *Charlstown* in *New-England*.

Who finished his Course on Earth, and went to receive
his Crown, *December 22, 1677.*

In the 43d Year of his Age.

(1)



H! that I were a Poet now in grain!

How would I invoke the Muses all

To deign their presence, lend their flowing Vein,

And help to grace dear *Shepard's* Funeral!

How would I paint our griefs, and succours borrow

From Art and Fancy, to limn out our sorrow!

(2)

Now could I wish (if wishing would obtain)

The sprightli'est Efforts of Poetick Rage,

To vent my Griefs, make others feel my pain,

For this loss of the Glory of our Age.

Here is a subject for the loftiest Verse

That ever waited on the bravest Hearse.

[4]

[3]

And could my Pen ingeniously distill
The purest spirits of a sparkling wit
In rare conceits, the quintessence of skill
In *Elegiack Strains*; none like to it:

I should think all too little to condole
The fatal loss (to us) of such a Soul.

[4]

Could I take highest Flights of Fancy, soar
Aloft; If Wits Monopoly were mine:
All would be much too low, too light, too poor,
To pay due tribute to this great Divine.

Ah! Wit avails not, when th' Heart's like to break,
Great griefs are Tongue-ti'ed, when the lesser speak.

[5]

Away loose rein'd Careers of Poetry,
The celebrated Sisters may be gone;
We need no *Mourning Womens* Elegy,
No forc'd, affected, artificial Tone.

Great and good *Shepard's* Dead! Ah! this alone
Will set our eyes abroad, dissolve a stone.

[6]

Poetick Raptures are of no esteem,
Daring *Hyperboles* have here no place,
Luxuriant wits on such a copious Theme,
Would shame themselves, and blush to shew their face

Here's worth enough to overmatch the skill
Of the most stately Poet *Laureat's Quill*.

Ex-

[5]
] 7]

Exube'rant Fancies useleſs here I deem,
Tranſcendent vertue ſcorns feign'd Elogies :
He that gives *Shepard* half his due, may ſeem,
If Strangers hear it, to Hyperbolize.

Let him that can, tell what his virtues were,
And ſay, this Star mov'd in no common Sphere.

| 8 |

Here need no Spices, Odours, curious Arts,
No ſkill of *Egypt*, to embalm the Name
Of ſuch a Worthy : let men ſpeak their hearts,
They'l ſay, He merits an Immortal Fame,
When *Shepard* is forgot, all muſt conclude,
This is prodigious ingratitude.

| 9 |

But live he ſhall in many a gratefull Breaſt,
VVhere he hath rear'd himſelf a Monument,
A Monument more ſtately than the beſt,
On which Immenſe Treafures have been ſpent.
Could you but into th' Hearts of thouſands peep,
There would you read his Name engraven deep.

[10]

Oh ! that my head were VVaters, and mine Eyes
A flowing Spring of Tears, ſtill iſſuing forth
In Streams of bitterneſs, to ſolemnize
The *Obits* of this Man of matchleſs worth !
Next to the Tears our ſins do need and crave,
I would beſtow my Tears on *Shepards* Grave.

[6]

(11)

Not that he needs our Tears : for he hath dropt
His measure full ; not one Tear more shall fall
Into God's Bottle from his eyes ; *Death* stopt
That water-course, his sorrows ending all.

He Fears, he Cares, he Sighs, he Weeps no more :
Hee's past all storms, Arriv'd at th' wished Shoar.

[12]

Dear *Shepard* could we reach so high a strain
Of pure Seraphick love, as to develt
Our selves, and love, of self-respects, thy gain
Would joy us, though it cross our interest.

Then would we silence all complaints with this,
Our Dearest Friend is doubtless gone to Bliss.

(13)

Ah ! but the Lesson's hard, thus to deny
Our own dear selves, to part with such a Loan
Of Heaven (in time of such necessity)
And love thy comforts better than our own.

Then let us moan our loss, adjourn our glee,
Till we come thither to rejoice with thee.

[14]

As when some formidable Comets blaze,
As when Portentous Prodigies appear,
Poor mortals with amazement stand and gaze,
With hearts affrighted, and with trembling fear :

So are we all amazed at this blow,
Sadly portending some approaching woe.

We

[7]

[15]

We shall not summon bold Astrologers,
To tell us what the Stars say in the case,
(Those Cousin-Germans to black Conjurers)
We have a sacred Oracle that says,
When th' Righteous perish, men of mercy go,
It is a sure presage of coming wo.

[16]

He was (ah woful word! to say he was)
Our wrestling *Israel*, second unto none,
The man that stood i' th' gap, to keep the pass,
To stop the Troops of Judgement[s p]ushing on.
This man the honour had to hold the hand
Of an incensed God against our Land.

[17]

When such a Pillar's faln (Oh such an one!)
When such a glorious, shining Light's put out,
When Chariot and Horsemen thus are gone;
Well may we fear some Downfal, Darknes, Rout,
When such a Bank's broke down, there's sad occasion
To wail, and dread some grievous Inundation.

[18]

What! must we with our God, and Glory part?
Lord! is thy Treaty with *New-England* come
Thus to an end? And is War in thy Heart?
That this Ambassadour is called home.
So Earthly Gods (Kings) when they War intend,
Call home their Ministers, and Treaties end.

Oh

Oh for the Raptures, Transports, Inspirations
 Of *Israel's Singers*, when his *Jon'athan's* Fall
 So tun'd his mourning Harp ! what Lamentations
 Then would I make for *Shepards* Funeral !

How truly can I say, as well as He ?

My *dearest Brother* I'm *distress'd* for thee.

How Lovely, Worthy, Peerless, in my view ?
 How Precious, Pleasant hast thou been to me ?
 How Learned, Prudent, Pious, Grave, and True ?
 And what a Faithful Friend ? who like to thee ?

Mine Eye's desire is vanished ; who can tell

Where lives my *dearest Shepard's* Parallel ?

'T is strange to think : but we may well believe,
 That not a few of different Perswasions
 From this great Worthy, do now truly grieve
 I' th' Mourning croud, and joyn their Lamentations.

Such Powers Magnetick had He to draw to Him

The very Hearts, and Souls, of all that knew Him !

Art, Nature, Grace, in Him were all combin'd
 To shew the World a matchless *Paragon* :
 In whom of Radiant Virtues no less shin'd,
 Than a whole Constellation : but hee's gone !

Hee's gone alas ! Down in the Dust must ly

As much of this rare Person as could dy.

[9]

[23]

If to have solid Judgement, Pregnant Parts,
 A piercing Wit, and comprehensive Brain ;
 If to have gone the *Round* of all the Arts,
 Immunity from Deaths Arrest would gain,
 Shepard would have been Death-proof, and secure
 From that All conquering Hand, Jm very sure.

[24]

If Holy Life, and Deeds of Charity,
 If Grace illustrious, and Virtue tri'ed,
 If modest Carriage, rare Humility,
 Could have brib'd Death, good *Shepard* had not di'ed.
 Oh ! but inexorable Death attacks
 The best Men, and promiscu'ous havock makes.

[25]

Come tell me, Criticks, have you ever known
 Such Zeal, so temper'd well with moderation ?
 Such Prudence, and such Inno'cence met in one ?
 Such Parts, so little Pride and Ostentation ?
 Let *Momus* carp, and *Envy* do her worst,
 And swell with *Spleen* and *Rancour* till she burst.

[26]

To be descended well, doth *that* commend ?
 Can Sons their Fathers Glory call their own ?
 Our *Shepard* justly might to this pretend,
 (His Blessed Father was of high Renown,
 Both *Englands* speak him great, admire his Name)
 But his own personal worth's better claim.

B

[10]

[27]

Great was the Father, once a glorious Light
Among us, Famous to an high Degree :
Great was this Son ; indeed (to do him right)
As Great and Good (to fay no more) as He.

A double portion of his Fathers Spirit
Did this (his Eldest) Son, through Grace, inherit.

[28]

His Look commanded Reverence and Awe,
Though Mild and Amiable, not Auftere :
Well Humour'd was He (as I ever faw)
And rul'd by Love and Wifdome, more than Fear.

The Mufes, and the Graces too, confpir'd
To fet forth this Rare Piece, to be admir'd

[29]

He govern'd well the Tongue (that bufie thing,
Unruly, Lawlefs and Pragmatical)
Gravely Referv'd, in Speech not lavifhing,
Neither too fparing, nor too liberal.

His Words were few, well feafon'd, wifely weigh'd
And in his Tongue the Law of Kindnefs fway'd

[30]

Learned he was beyond the common Size,
Befriended much by Nature in his Wit,
And Temper, (Sweet, Sedate, Ingenious, Wife)
And (which crown'd all) he was Heav'ens Favorite.

On whom the God of all Grace did command,
And fhew'r down Bleffings with a lib'eral hand.

Wife

[11]

[31]

Wife He, not wily, was ; Grave, not Morose ;
 Not stiffe, but steady ; Seri'ous, but not Sowre ;
 Concern'd for all, as if he had no Foes ;
 [Strange if he had !) and would not waſt an Hour.
 Thoughtful and Active for the common good :
 And yet his own place wiſely underſtood.

[32]

Nothing could make him ſtray from Duty : Death
 Was not ſo frightful to him, as Omiſſion
 Of Miniſterial work ; he fear'd no breath
 Infecti'ous, i'th'diſcharge of his Commiſſion.
 Rather than run from 's work, he choſe to dy,
 Boldly to run on Death, than duty fly.

[33]

(Cruel Diſeaſe ! that didſt (like *High-way-men*)
 Affault the honeſt Trav'eller in his way,
 And rob dear *Shepard* of his life (Ah !) then,
 When he was on the Road, where Duty lay.
 Forbear, bold Pen ! 'twas God that took him thus,
 To give him great Reward, and puniſh us,

[34]

Zealous in God's cauſe, but meek in his own ;
 Modeſt of Nature, bold as any Lion,
 Where Conſc'ience was concern'd : and there was none[?]
 More conſtant Mourners for afflicted Sion.
 So gene'ral was his care for th' Churches all,
 His Spirit ſeemed Apoſtolic.

[12]

[35]

Large was his Heart, to spend without regret,
Rejoycing to do good: not like those *Moles*
That root i' th' Earth, or roam abroad, to get
All for themselves (those sorry, narrow Souls!)

But He, like th' Sun (i' th' Center, as some say)
Diffus'd his Rayes of Goodness every way.

| 36 |

He breath'd Love, and pursu'd Peace in his day,
As if his Soul were made of Harmony :
Scarce ever more of Goodness crouded lay
In such a piece of frail Mortality.

Sure Father *Wilsons* genuine Son was he,
New-England's Paul had such a *Timothy*.

[37]

No Slave to th' Worlds grand *Idols* ; but he flew
At *Fairer Quarries*, without stooping down
To Sublunary prey : his great Soul knew
Ambition none, but of the Heave'nly Crown.

How he hath won it, and shall wear't with Honour,
Adoring Grace, and God in Christ, the Donour.

[38]

A Friend to Truth, a constant Foe to Errour,
Pow'rful i' th' *Pulpit*, and sweet in converse,
To weak ones gentle, to th' Profane a Terrour.
Who can his virtues, and good works rehearse?

The Scripture Bishops-Character read o're,
Say this was *Shepards* : what need I say more?

I say

[13]

[39]

I fay no more : let them that can declare
His rich and rare endowments, paint this Sun,
With all its dazling Rayes: But I defpair,
Hopelefs by any hand to fee it done.

They that can *Shepards* goodnefs well difplay,
Muft be as good as he : But who are they ?

[40]

See where our Sifter *Charlftown* fits and Moans !
Poor Widowed *Charlftown* ! all in Duft, in Tears !
Mark how ſhe wrings her hands ! hear how ſhe groans !
See how ſhe weeps ! what forrow like to hers !

Charlftown, that might for joy compare of late
With all about her, now looks defolate.

[41]

As you have feen ſome Pale, Wan, Ghafly look,
When griſly Death, that will not be ſaid nay,
Hath seiz'd all for it ſelf, Poſſeſſion took,
And turn'd the Soul out of its houſe of Clay :
So viſag'd is poor *Charlftown* at this day ;
Shepard, her very Soul, is torn away.

[42]

Cambridge groans under this ſo heavy crofs,
And Sympathizes with her Sifter dear ;
Renews her Griefs afreſh for her old lofs
Of her own *Shepard*, and drops many a Tear.

Cambridge and *Charlftown* now joint Mourners are,
And this tremendous lofs between them ſhare.

[14]

Muft Learnings Friend (Ah! worth us all) [go thus(?)]
That Great Support to Harvards Nurfery |
Our *Fellow* (that no Fellow had with us)
Is gone to Heave'ns great Univerfity.

Our's now indeed's a lifelefs *Corporation*,
The Soul is fled, that gave it *Animation*!

[44]

Poor *Harvard's* Sons are in their Mourning Drefs,
Their fure Friend's gone! their Hearts have *put on Mour*[ning,]
Within their Walls are Sighs, Tears, Penfiveness;
Their new Foundations dread an overturning.

Harvard! where's fuch a faft Friend left to [thee]
Unlefs thy great Friend, *LEVERET*, it [be.]

[45]

We muft not with our greateft Sovereign ftrive
Who dare find fault with him that is moft Hig[h]
That hath an absolute Prerogative,
And doth his pleafure: none may ask him, why
We're Clay-lumps, Duft-heaps, nothings in his fig[ht]
The Judge of all the Earth doth always right.

[46]

Ah! could not Prayers and Tears prevail with God
Was there no warding off that dreadful Blow!
And was there no averting of that Rod!
Muft *Shepard* dy! and that good Angel go!

Alas! our heinous fins (more than our hairs)
It feems, were louder, and out-crie'd our Prayers.

See

NOTE. Letters at ends of the lines [enclosed] are written in an old hand, with ink now faded, to supply those not impressed by the type.

[15]
[47]

See what our sins have done | what Ruines wrought
And how they have pluck'd out our very eyes !
Our sins have slain our *Shepard* ! we have bought,
And dearly paid for, our Enormities.

An Curfed sins ! that strike at God, and kill
His *Servants*, and the Blood of *Prophets* spill.

[48]

As you would loath the Sword that's warm and red,
As you would hate the hands that are embru'd
I' th' Hearts-blood of your dearest Friends : so dread,
And hate your sins ; Oh ! let them be purfu'd ;
Revenge take on bloody sins : for there's
No Refuge-City for these Murtherers.

[49]

In vain we build the Prophets Sepulchers,
In vain bedew their Tombs with Tears, when Dead ;
In vain bewail the Deaths of Ministers,
Whilest Prophet-killing sins are harboured.
Those that these Murth'rous Traitors favour, hide ;
And with the blood of Prophets deeply di'ed

[50]

New-England ! know thy Heart-plague : feel this blow ;
A blow that sorely wounds both Head and Heart,
A blow that reaches All, both high and low,
A blow that may be felt in every part.

Mourn that this *Great Man's* faln in *Israel* :
Left it be said, *with him New-England fell* !

Farewel

[16]

[51]

Farewel, Dear *Shepard!* Thou art gone before,
Made free of *Heaven*, where thou shalt sing loud *Hymns*
Of *High triumphant Praises* evermore,

In the sweet Quire of *Saints* and *Seraphims*.

Lord! look on us here, clogg'd with sin and clay,
And we, through Grace, shall be as happy as they.

[52]

My Dearest, Inmost, Bosome-Friend is Gone!

Gone is my sweet Companion, Soul's delight!

Now in an Huddling Croud I'm all alone,

And almost could bid all the World *Goodnight* :

Blest be my Rock! God lives: Oh let him be,
As He is All, to All in All to me.

The Bereaved, Sorrowful

Urian Oakes

LIVES

ELEGY

JOHN WILSON

1695

JOHANNES in Creemo.

Memoirs, Relating to the

LIVES,

OF THE

Ever-MEMORABLE,

Mr. JOHN COTTON,

Who Dyed, 23.d.10.m. 1652.

Mr. JOHN NORTON,

Who Dyed, 5.d.2.m. 1663.

Mr. JOHN WILSON,

Who Dyed, 7.d.6.m. 1667.

Mr. JOHN DAVENPORT,

Who Dyed, 15.d.1.m. 1670.

Reverend and Renowned Ministers of the
Gospel, *All*, in the more Immediate Service
of One Church, in Boston;

AND

Mr. THOMAS HOOKER,

Who Dyed, 7.d.5.m. 1647.

Pastor of the Church at Hartford; ~~New~~ England.

Written, by COTTON MATHER.

Fortis nimis Video. Laudes Cantare MEORUM;

Fortis nimis cineres Video celebrare repostos;

Non ita me Facilem Sine Vero Credite

Printed for and Sold by Michael Perry, at his Shop,
under the West End of the Town-House. 1695.

Extract from an Elegy
By Mr. Thomas Shepard on Mr. John Wilson
on page 36 of the Life.

Who of *Abraham, Moses, Samuel*, Reads,
Or of *Elijah's* or *Elisha's* Deeds,
Would surely say, Their *Spirit* and *Power* was his,
And think there were a *Metempsychosis*.
As Aged *John*, th' Apostle us'd to *Bless*
The People, which they Judg'd their Happiness,
So did we count it worth our *Pilgrimage*
Unto him for his *Blessing*, in his Age.

Some OFFERS
To Embalm the MEMORY of the
Truly
Reverend and Renowned,
JOHN WILSON ;

The First Pastor of *Boston*, in *New England* ;
Interr'd (and a Great Part of his Countries
Glory with him) *August. 11. 1667. Aged, 79.*

Might

Might *Aarons* Rod (such *Funerals* mayn't be *Dry*)
 But broach the *Rock*, t'would gush pure *Elegy*,
 To round the *Wilderness* with purling *Laves*,
 And tell the *World*, the Great Saint WILSONS
 Praise.

Here's ONE, (*Pearls* are not in great clusters found)
 Here's ONE, the *Skill* of *Tongues* and *Arts* had
 Crown'd

Here's ONE (by frequent *Martyrdom* t'was Try'd)
 That could forego *Skill*, *Pelf*, and *Life* beside,
 For CHRIST; Both ENGLANDS *Darling*, whom
 in Swarms
 They Prefs'd to See, and Hear, and felt his *Charms*.

Tis ONE, (when will it Rife to Number *Two*?
 The World at once can but ONE *Phoenix* Show :)
 For *Truth*, a PAUL; CEPHAS, for *Zeal*; for *Love*,
 A JOHN; inspir'd by the Celestial *Dove*.
 ABRA'MS true Son for *Faith*; and in his *Tent*
Angels oft had their *Table* and *Content*.

So *Humble*, that alike on's *Charity*,
 Wrought *Extract Gent* : with *Extract Rudij*.
 Pardon this *Fault*; his Great Excess lay *there*,
 He'd Trade for *Heaven*, with all he came anear;
 His *Meat*, *Clothes*, *Cash*, heed still for *Ventures* send.
 Consign'd, Per Brother *Lazarus*, his Friend.

Mighty

Mighty in Prayer ; his Hand ; Uplifted reach'd
Mercies High Throne, and thence strange Bounties
 fetch'd,
 Once and again, and oft : So felt by all,
 Who *Weep* his Death, as a Departing *Paul*.
All ; Yea, *Baptis'd* with Tears, Lo, *Children* come,
 (*Their* Baptism *he* maintain'd !) unto his *Tomb*.

'T'wixt an *Apostle*, and *Evangelist*,
 Let stand his Order in the Heavenly *List*.
 Had we the Costly *Alabaster Box*,
 What's Left, wee'd spend on this *New-English*
 KNOX ;
 True *Knox*, fill'd with that Great *Reformers* Grace,
 In *Truths* Just *cause*, *fearing* no *Mortals* Face.

Christ's Word, it was his *Life*, *Christ's* Church, his *Care* ;
 And so *Great* with him his *Least* Brethren were,
 Not Heat, nor Cold, nor Rain, or Frost, or Snow
 Could hinder, but he'd to their *Sermons* go :
Aarons Bells chim'd from far, he'd Run, and then
 His Ravish'd Soul *Echo'd*, *AMEN*, *AMEN* !

He travers'd oft the fierce *Atlantic Sea*,
 But, *Patmos* of *Confessors*, t'was for *THEE*.
 This Voyage Lands him on the Wished shore,
 From Whence this *Father* will return no more,
 To fit the *Moderator* of thy *Sages*.
 But, Tell his *Zeal* for thee, to After Ages,

His

His Care to Guide his *Flock*, and feed his *Lambs*,
By *Words*, *Works*, *Prayers*, *Psalms*, *Alms*, and

ANAGRAMS:

Those *Anagrams*, in which he made to Start
Out of meer *Nothings*, by *Creating Art*,
Whole *Worlds* of Counsil; did to *Motes* Unfold
Names, till they Lessons gave Richer than *Gold*,
And Every *Angle* so Exactly say,
It should out-shine the brightest *Solar Ray*.

Sacred his *Verse*, Writ with a *Cherubs* Quill;
But those Wing'd Choristers of *Zion-Hill*,
Pleas'd with the *Notes*, call'd him a part to bear, }
With *Them*, where he his *Anagram* did hear, }
I Pray Come in, Heartily Welcome; Sir.

EPITAPHIUM.

Thinking, what EPITAPH, I should Offer
unto the *Grave* of this Worthy Man, I call'd
unto Mind, the fittest in the World, which
was directed for him, immediately upon his
Death, by an Honourable Person, who still
Continues

Continues the same *Lover*, as well as *Instance*,
of Learning and Vertue, that he was, when
he *Then* advised them to give Mr. *Wilson* this

E P I T A P H.

And now Abides FAITH, HOPE, & CHARITIE,
But CHARITIE'S *the Greatest of the Three.*

To which this might be added, from
another Hand,

Aurea, quæ (obstupens referens !) Primæva Vetustas
Condidit Arcano, Sæcula Apostolica,
Officijs, Donisque itidem Sanctissimus Heros,
WILSONUS, *tacitis Protulit Ex Tenebris.*

ELEGY

SEVEN YOUNG MINISTERS

1705

Vigilantius.

O R,

A Servant of the LORD

Found Ready for the

Coming of the LORD.

A Discourse

Occasioned by the **Early Death**
of SEVEN Young

Ministers,

Within a Little while One of another :

With some ESSAY, upon their
very Commendable and Imitable

C H A R A C T E R.

And an **ELEGY** upon them.

Vigilare debet omnis Christianus, ne cum imparatum inveniat Domini Adventus. Imparatum autem inveniet Dies ille, quem imparatum inveniet Suae Vitae ultimus Dies.

Aug. ad Dioscor.

Boston : Printed & Sold by **B. Green.**
At the South End of the Town. 1706.

On the GRAVES

OF MY

Young Brethren,

[*Carent quia vate Sacro*]

G*Raves!* Where in Dust are laid our dearest
 Pay, *Passengers*, your *Tributary Drops*, (*Hopes!*
 Your *Tears* Allow'd, yea, *Hallowed* now become,
 Since *Tears* were drop't by JESUS on a *Tomb*.
Churches, Weep on; & Wounded yield your *Tears*;
Tears use to flow from hack't *New-English Firrs*.

Zion, Thy *Sons* are gone; Tho' men might see
This and that Man, brave Men, were *born in thee*.
 Tell, what they were; Let thy *True Trumpet* tell
Truth of the *Sons of Truth*, and how they fell.
 Sure, when our *Sev'n* did to their Seats retire,
 Th' *Harmonious Nine* did not with them expire.
 Smooth Numbers first were form'd for *Themes* like
 T' immortalize deserving *Memories*. (these;

First, *What they were not*, Say; For they were *Not*
 Such as their *Mother* might account a *Blot*.

Not

Not such as to the *Sacred Priest-hood* fly,
 Meerly as to a *Craft*, to Live thereby.

Not, who at *Church* seem *Serious* and *Demure*,
 But out of it, no *Strictness* can Endure.

Not those who dare *Jest* with Gods awful Word
 And Lewdly can *Play* with the *Flaming Sword*.

Not the *Black Folks*, where nothing *White* we know
 But what an *Open'd Mouth* may chance to show.

Not *Snuffs*, instead of *Stars*; (the Room, no doubt,
 Would Sweeter be, if *Such* were turned out.)

Not *Blind-men* [So the *Talmuds* reckon them !]
 Who *Dark* themselves, hold *Lights* to other men.

Not *Lads*, whom for their *Levity* alone
 The Punning Tribe, *De Tribu Levi*, own.

Not who to *Pulpits* hop Unfledg'd and there
Talk twice a *Week*, and *Preach* not once a year.

Not those who do the *Pious Neighbour* Shun,
 But to the *Wicked Sons of Belial* run.

Not those who hate their Work, as Boyes the *Rod*,
 And hate and flout *Laborious Men of God*.

If such there are ; *Take, Lord, thy Holy Scourge,*
And from such Nufances, thy Temple Purge !

Not such my Sons ; by *Zion* so we're told ;
Sons comparable to the Finest Gold.

But, *What they were*, Fair Lady, canst thou say,
 What thy *Loft Seven*, and not faint away !

For with her *Seven Sons*, and such as these,

Dy'd the brave Mother of the *Maccabees*.

Mirroures of Piety they were, and knew

Betimes, how to be Wife and Good and True.

Early

Early the *Larks* Praise to their Maker Sung ;
 So Saint *Macarius*, *Old* while very *Young*,
 The Towns to which they did their Toyls dispenſe
 Them their Bright *Glory* thought, & Strong *Defence*.
 The *Tears* of their Bereaved Flocks Proclaime
 More than could Marble *Pyramids* their Name.
 Theſe were *N. England's Pride* ; But Humbly Show'd
 Men might be *ſo*, and not *themſelves* be *Proud*.
Dryden Sayes, *Look the Reformation round*,
No Treatiſe of Humility is found.
Dryden, Thou Ly'ſt ; They *Write*, and more than
 They *Live Humility* ; they can be *low*. (ſo,
Low theſe were always in their own *Eſteem*,
 But the more *highly* we *Eſteemed* them.
Low-roof'd the *Temples*, but more *Stately* than
St. Sophy's, built by Great *Juſtinian*,
 The *Proud* might trample on them as on *Earth*,
 But glorious *Mines of Worth* lay underneath.
 Firſt they did all to *Kiriath-Sepher* go ;
 And then a *Church* did Heav'n on them beſtow.
 By Learning firſt their *Lamps* were made to Blaze,
 And *Incenſe* each then on the *Altar* layes.
 The *Liberal Arts* they knew ; but underſtood
 Moſt Thine, Great *Antonine* ; That, [*To be Good*.]
 And *Good to Do*, This was their main Delight ;
 For *This* they did all *Youths* vain Pleaſure Sleight.

While ſuch rare *Youths* muſt Dy, no *Lawyers* wit
 (Not *Aſgils*) can abate *Death's Fatal Writ*,
 Muſt ſuch ſee but a *Finger* of the *Span*
 That is to meaſure the *Frail Life* of man !

C

Yet

Yet we'll demand *Eternity* for them ;
 And they shall Live too in *Eternal Fame*.
 Reckon, O Jews, your *Priestly Blemishes*,
Forty above an *Hundred*, if you please :
 A *Priest* for each of these did lose his call ;
 But *Ours*, to all appear'd still free from all.
 The Power of your fine *Loadstones*, wondrous Great,
 Report, ye *Masters of the Cabinet* :
Loadstones in weight a *Dram* ; well-Shodden they
 Pull up what near *Two Hundred Drams* will weigh.
 Our *Potent Loadstones* more attractive were ;
 And more the *Sphere of their Activity* extended far.
 Now, *Panciro!* upon my honest Word,
 The Lost *Sepulchral Lamps*, are Now Restor'd.
 Our *Saints*, to whom do Serve as *Oyl*, our Tears,
 Bright *Lamps*, they glare still in their *Sepulchres*.

My CLARK was One. And such a *Clark* as he
Synods of Angels would take *Theirs* to be.
Faintly to Praise a Youth of such Desert,
 Were but to Shoot indeed vile *Slanders* Dart.
 See but his *Wasted Flesh* ; T'was Flaming Zeal
 That Melted him : The Flame is burning still.
 Methinks I see his Ravish'd Hearers wait
 And long to hear still his next *Heav'nly Treat*.
 Look ; The Fat Cloud, what *Oracles* he pours
 On Thirsty Souls in most *Expedient Showres* !
 His *Preaching* much, but more his *Practice* wrought ;
 A *Living Sermon* of the Truths he Taught.
 So all might See the *Doctrines* which they Heard,
 And way to *Application* fairly clear'd.

Strong

Strong were the *Charms* of that Sinceritie
Which made his *Works* well with his *Words* agree.

Painter, Thy Pencils take. Draw first, a *Face*
Shining, (but by himself not seen) with *Grace*.
An Heav'n touch'd *Eye*, where [what of *Kens* is told]
One might, MY GOD, in *Capitals* behold.
A *Mouth*, from whence a *Label* shall proceed,
And [O LOVE CHRIST] the *Motto* to be Read.
An *Hand* still open to relieve the Poor,
And by *Dispersing* to increase the Store.

Such was my CLARK ; so did he *Look*, and so
Much more than *Look*, or *Speak*, so did he *Do*.
Botanists, Boast your *Palm-Tree*, whence arise
More than Three Hundred rich Commodities.
Write, *Persian Poet*, that brave Tree to Praise,
As many *Songs* as in the year be *Days*.
My CLARK more *Vertues* had ; So must the Tree
Too rich for *Earth*, to *Heav'n* transplanted be.

HUBBARD Another. When the Youth they saw,
So *Wise*, Their *Love* he challeng'd, & their *Awe*.
Older Spectators fed their wondering Eyes,
With *Love*, to see Young Children grow so *Wise*.
Envy her self grew weary of her *Gall*,
And gave Consent, he should be *Lov'd* by all.
The *Pastoral* of Gregory the Great,
Won't Say how well he fill'd the *Pastors* Seat.
In Saving Souls his Happy Hours he spent,
And Preach'd *Salvation* wherefoe're he went.
A *Cassius*, whom the Hearers did attend,
With constant *Fear*, that he would make an *End*.

His *Life a Letter*, where the World might Spell
 Great *Basils* *Morals*, and his Death the *Seal*.
 The *Graces* which were *Sparks* on *Earth* below,
 To Glorious *Flames* in *Heav'n* they now do grow.
 Oh ! Should a *Star* drop from the Sky to us,
 We should with Reverence admire it thus !
 For such a Child of *Jacob* there Unite
 Th' *Egyptian* Weeping with the *Israelite*.
 So has his *After-Beams* the Setting *Sun* ;
 Tho' he be *Set*, his Splendor is not gone.
 Adieu, My CLARK ; my HUBBARD, thus Adieu ;
 A *Pair* well *Parallel'd* we had in you.
 Grave *Plutarch*, Hadst thou Liv'd till now, the *Pair*
 Would have engros'd thy Pen, they Look so fair.
 Such Gifts as these by Heav'n bestow'd on Men,
 Must just be *Show'n*, and then call'd back agen !
 Lord, Why so soon, such *Fruitful Trees* cut down !
 No *Wood* of Such, was on the *Altar* known.
Trees not cut down, [the Glorious Answer is,]
But all Translated into Paradise.
 From the *Quick Seizure* of the greedy *Grave*
 Her Darling *Sons* my Country cannot Save.
 But, *Grave*, Thou shalt not so thy Prey consume,
 As ever *Buried* in *Oblivions* Womb.
 Thus *Thetis* Comforted her *Short-Liv'd* Son,
Dy Young, Long shalt thou be Admir'd when Dead & Gone.
 One of the *Pleiades* long since withdrew.
 And Heav'n but *Six*, does of the *Seven* shew.
 If all the rest should chance to hide their Face,
 My *Seven Stars* may well Supply their Place.
 Now, hold, my Pen ; *Plato* of old would have
 But *Four Heroick Lines* upon a Grave.

Help me, my God, at Work like them to be ;
And take their Deaths as Watch-words unto me.

Ex *Paulini* Panegyrico in Oblitum *Celsi*.

H*Eu, quid agam? Dubia Pendens Pietate Laboro,
 Gratuler an Doleam? Dignus utroque Puer.
 Cujus Amor Lacrymas et Amor mihi Gaudia Suadet;
 Sed Gaudere Fides, Flere jubet Pietas.
 Tam Modicum Patribus, tam dulci e pignore Fructum
 Defleo in Exiguo Temporis esse datum.
 Lætor Obisse brevi functum Mortalia Seclo,
 Ut cito divinas Consequeretur Opes.*

ELEGY *AND* EPITAPH

EZEKIEL CHEEVER

1708

Corderius Americanus.

An Essay

U P O N

The Good EDUCATION of CHILDREN.

And what may Hopefully be Attempted, for
the *Hope of the FLOCK.*

I N A

FUNERAL SERMON

U P O N

Mr. EZEKIEL CHEEVER.

The *Ancient and Honourable* MASTER of the
FREE-SCHOOL in *Boston.*

Who left off, but when Mortality took him off, in
August, 1708. the Ninety Fourth Year of his Age.
With an ELEGY and an EPITAPH upon him.

By one that was once a Scholar to him.

Vester [CHEEVERUS,] *cum sic moritur, non moritur.*

BOSTON, Printed by John Allen, for Nicholas Boone,
at the Sign of the Bible in Cornhill, near the
Corner of School-street. 1708.

GRATITUDINIS ERGO.

An E S S A Y on the Memory of my
Venerable MASTER ;

Ezekiel Cheever.

Augusto perstringere Carmine Laudes.

Quas nulla Eloquij vis Celebrare queat,

YOU that are *Men*, & Thoughts of *Manhood* know,
Be Just now to the *Man* that made you so.
Martyr'd by *Scholars* the stabb'd *Cassian* dies,
And falls to curst Lads a Sacrifice.
Not so my CHEEVER ; Not by *Scholars* slain,
But Prais'd, and Lov'd, and wish'd to *Life* again.
A mighty *Tribe* of Well-instructed Youth
Tell what they owe to him, and Tell with Truth.
All the *Eight parts of Speech* he taught to them
They now Employ to *Trumpet* his Esteem.
They fill *Fames Trumpet*, and they spread a Fame
To last till the *Last Trumpet* drown the same.

Magister pleas'd them well, because 'twas *he* ;
 They saw that *Bonus* did with it agree.
 While they said, *Amo*, they the Hint improve
Him for to make the Object of their *Love*.
 No *Concord* so Inviolate they knew
 As to pay Honours to their Master due.
 With *Interjections* they break off at last,
 But, *Ab*, is all they use, *Wo*, and, *Alas* !
 We Learnt *Profodia*, but with that Design
 Our Masters Name should in our *Verses* shine.
 Our Weeping *Ovid* but instructed us
 To write upon *his* Death, *De Tristibus*.
Tully we read, but still with this Intent,
 That in *his* praise we might be Eloquent.
 Our Stately *Virgil* made us but Contrive
 As our *Anchises* to keep *him* Alive.
 When *Phænix* to *Achilles* was assign'd
 A *Master*, then we thought not *Homer* blind :
 A *Phænix*, which Oh ! might his *Ashes* shew !
 So rare a Thing we thought *our Master* too.
 And if we made a *Theme*, 'twas with Regret
 We might not on *his* Worth show all our Wit,
 Go on, ye Grateful Scholars, to proclaim
 To late Posterity your *Masters* Name.
 Let it as many Languages declare
 As on *Loretto*-Table do appear.

Too much to be by any *one* exprest :
I'll tell my share, and *you* shall tell the rest.
Ink is too vile a Liquor ; *Liquid Gold*
 Should fill the Pen, by which such things are told.
 The Book should *Amyanthus*-Paper be
 All writ with *Gold*, from all corruption free.

A Learned Master of the *Languages*
 Which to Rich *Stores* of Learning are the *Keyes* ;
 He taught us first *Good Sense* to understand
 And put the *Golden Keyes* into our Hand,
 We but for him had been for Learning *Dumb*,
 And had a sort of *Turkish Mutes* become.
 Were *Grammar* quite Extinct, yet at his Brain
 The *Candle* might have well been lit again.
 If *Rhet'rick* had been stript of all her *Pride*
 She from his *Wardrobe* might have been Supply'd.
 Do but Name CHEEVER, and the *Echo* straight
 Upon that Name, *Good Latin*, will Repeat.
 A *Christian Terence*, Master of the *File*
 That arms the Curious to Reform their *Style*.
 Now *Rome* and *Athens* from their *Ashes* rise ;
 See their *Platonick Year* with vast surprize :
 And in our *School* a *Miracle* is wrought ;
 For the *Dead Languages* to *Life* are brought.

His *Work* he Lov'd : Oh ! had we done the same !
 Our *Play-days* still to him ungrateful came.
 And yet so well our *Work* adjusted Lay,
 We came to *Work*, as if we came to *Play*.

Our *Lads* had been, but for his wondrous Cares,
Boyes of my Lady *Mores* unquiet Pray'rs.
 Sure were it not for such informing *Schools*,
 Our *Lat'ran* too would soon be fill'd with *Owles*.
 Tis CORLET's pains, & CHEEVER's, we must own,
 That thou, *New-England*, are not *Scythia* grown.
 The *Isles* of *Silly* had o're-run this Day
 The *Continent* of our *America*.

Grammar he taught, which 'twas his work to do :
 But he would *Hagar* have her place to know.

The

The *Bible* is the Sacred *Grammar*, where
 The *Rules of speaking well*, contained are.
 He taught us *Lilly*, and he *Gospel* taught ;
 And us poor Children to our *Saviour* brought.
Master of Sentences, he gave us more
 Then we in our *Sententia* had before.
 We Learn't Good Things in *Tullies Offices* ;
 But we from *him* Learn't Better things than these.
 With *Cato's* he to us the *Higher* gave
 Lessons of JESUS, that our Souls do save.
 We Constru'd *Ovid's Metamorphosis*,
 But on our selves charg'd, not a *Change* to misf.
 Young *Austin* wept, when he saw *Dido* dead,
 Tho, not a Tear for a *Lost Soul* he had :
 Our Master would not let us be so vain,
 But us from *Virgil* did to *David* train,
Textors Epistles would not *Cloathe* our Souls ;
Pauls too we heard ; we *went to School at Pauls*.

Syrs, Do you not Remember well the Times,
 When us he warn'd against our *Youthful Crimes* :
 What *Honey dropt* from our old *Nestors* mouth
 When with his Counsels he Reform'd our Youth :
 How much he did to make us *Wise* and *Good* ;
 And with what *Prayers*, his work he did conclude.
 Concern'd, that when from him we *Learning* had,
 It might not *Armed Wickedness* be made !
 The *Sun* shall first the *Zodiac* forsake,
 And *Stones* unto the *Stars* their Flight shall make :
 First shall the *Summer* bring large drifts of *Snow*,
 And beauteous *Cherries* in *December* grow ;
 E're of those Charges we Forgetful are
 Which we, *O man of God*, from thee did hear.

Such

Such *Tutors* to the *Little Ones* would be
 Such that *in Flesh* we should *their Angels* see ;
Ezekiel should not be the Name of such ;
 We'd *Agathangelus* not think too much,
 Who Serv'd the *School*, the *Church* did not forget ;
 But Thought, and Pray'd, and often wept for it.
Mighty in Prayer : How did he wield thee, Pray'r !
 Thou Reverst Thunder : CHRIST's-Sides-piercing
 Soaring we saw the *Bird of Paradise* ; (Spear ?
 So Wing'd by Thee, for Flights beyond the Skies.
 How oft we saw him tread the *Milky Way*,
 Which to the Glorious *Throne of Mercy* lay !

Come from the *Mount*, he shone with ancient
 Awful the *Splendor* of his Aged Face (Grace,
Cloath'd in the *Good Old Way*, his Garb did wage
 A War with the vain Fashions of the Age.
Fearful of nothing more than hateful *Sin* ;
 'Twas that from which he laboured all to win,
Zealous ; And in *Truths Cause* ne'r known to trim ;
 No *Neuter Gender* there allow'd by him.
Stars but a *Thousand* did the Ancients know ;
 On later Globes they *Nineteen hundred* grow :
 Now such a CHEEVER added to the Sphere ;
 Makes an Addition to the *Lustre* there.

Mean time *America* a *Wonder* saw ;
A Youth in Age, forbid by *Natures Law*.
 You that in t'other Hemisphere do dwell,
 Do of *Old Age* your dismal Stories tell.
 You tell of *Snowy Heads* and *Rheumy Eyes*
 And things that make a man himself despise:
 You say, a *frozen Liquor* chills the Veins,
 And scarce the *Shadow* of a *Man* remains.

Winter

Winter of Life, that *Sapless Age* you call,
 And of all *Maladies* the *Hospital* :
 The *Second Nonage* of the *Soul* ; the *Brain*
 Cover'd with *Cloud* ; the *Body* all in pain.
 To weak *Old Age*, you say, there must belong
 A Trembling *Palfey* both of *Limb* and *Tongue* ;
Dayes all *Decrepit* ; and a *Bending Back*,
 Propt by a *Staff*, in *Hands* that ever shake.

Nay, Syrs, our CHEEVER shall confute you all.
 On whom there did none of these *Mischefs* fall.
 He *Liv'd*, and to vast *Age* no *Illness* knew ;
 Till *Times Scythe* waiting for him *Rusty* grew.
 He *Liv'd* and *Wrought* ; His *Labours* were *Immenſe* ;
 But ne'r *Declin'd* to *Præter-perfect Tenſe*.
 A *Blooming Youth* in him at *Ninety Four*
 We ſaw ; But, Oh ! when ſuch a fight before !
 At *Wondrous Age* he did his *Youth* reſume,
 As when the *Eagle* mew's his *Aged* plume.
 With *Faculties* of *Reason* ſtill ſo bright,
 And at good *Services* ſo *Exquiſite* ;
 Sure our ſound *Cbiliaſt*, we wondring thought,
 To the *First Reſurreſtion* is not brought !
 No, He for That was waiting at the *Gate*
 In the *Pure Things* that fit a *Candidate*.
 He in *Good Actions* did his *Life* Employ,
 And to make others *Good*, he made his *Joy*.
 Thus well-appris'd now of the *Life to Come*,
 To *Live here* was to him a *Martyrdom*.
 Our brave *Macrobius* Long'd to ſee the *Day*
 Which others dread, of being *Call'd away*.
 So, *Ripe* with *Age*, he does invite the *Hook*,
 Which watchful does for its large *Harveſt* look :

Death

Death gently cut the *Stalk*, and kindly laid
Him, where our God His *Granary* has made.

Who at *New-Haven* first began to Teach,
Dying *Unshipwreck'd*, does *White-Haven* reach.
At that *Fair Haven* they all Storms forget ;
He there his DAVENPORT with Love does meet.

The *Luminous Role*, the *Loss* whereof with *Shame*
Our Parents wept, when *Naked* they became ;
Those Lovely *Spirits* wear it, and therein
Serve God with *Priestly Glory*, free from Sin.

But in his *Paradisiſan Reſt* above,
To *Us* does the Bleſt Shade retain his Love.
With *Rip'ned Thoughts* Above concern'd for *Us*,
We can't but hear him dart his Wiſhes, thus.

'TUTORS, Be *Strict* ; But yet be *Gentle* too :
'Don't by fierce *Cruelties* fair *Hopes* undo.
'Dream not, that they who are to Learning flow,
'Will mend by Arguments in *Ferio*.
'Who keeps the *Golden Fleece*, Oh, let him not
'A *Dragon* be, tho' he *Three Tongues* have got.
'Why can you not to Learning find the way,
'But thro' the Province of *Severia* ?
'Twas *Moderatus*, who taught *Origen* ;
'A *Youth* which prov'd one of the Beſt of men.
'The Lads with *Honour* firſt, and *Reason* Rule ;
'*Blowes* are but for the *Refractory Fool*.
'But, Oh ! Firſt Teach them their Great God to fear ;
'That you like me, with Joy may meet them here.

H' has ſaid !—

Adieu, a little while, Dear Saint, Adieu ;
Your *Scholar* won't be Long, Sir, after you.
In the mean time, with Gratitude I muſt
Engrave an EPITAPH upon your Duſt.

'Tis true, *Excessive Merits* rarely safe :
Such an *Excess* forfeits an *Epitaph*.
But if Base men the Rules of Justice break,
The *Stones* (at least upon the *Tombs*) will speak.

Et Tumulum facite, et Tumulo superaddite carmen
(Virg. in Daphn.)

EPI TAPHIUM.

EZEKIEL CHEEVERUS:

Ludimagister ;
 Primo Neo-portensis ;
 Deinde, Ipsuicensis ;
 Postea, Carolotenensis
 Postremo, Bostonensis :
 cujus
 Doctrinam ac Virtutem
 Nostri, si Sis Nov-Anglus,
 Colis, si non Barbarus ;
 GRAMMATICUS,
 a Quo, non pure tantum, sed et pie,
 Loqui ;
 RHETORICUS,
 a Quo non tantum Ornate dicere
 coram Hominibus,
 Sed et Orationes coram Deo fundere
 Efficacissimas ;
 P O E T A,
 a Quo non tantum Carmina pangere,
 Sed et
 Cælestes Hymnos, Odasq ; Angelicas,
 canere,

Dedice-

[34]

Didicerunt,
Qui discere voluerunt;
LUCERNA,
ad Quam accensa sunt,
Quis queat numerare,
Quot Ecclesiarum Lumina?

ET

Qui fecum Corpus Theologiæ abstulit,
Peritissimus THEOLOGUS,
Corpus hic suum sibi minus Charum,
deposuit.

Vixit Annos, XCIV.
Docuit, Annos, LXX.
Obijt, A.D. M. DCC. VIII.

Et quod Mori potuit,
HEIC
Expectat Exoptatq :
Primam Sanctorum Resurrectionem
ad
Immortal itatem.

Evuvijs debetur Honos Immortalitate in primare.

F I N I S.

EPITAPHIUM

WAIT WINTHROP

1717

HADES Look'd into.

The POWER of Our Great

SAVIOUR

Over the

Invisible World,

and the

Gates of Death

Which lead into that WORLD.

Considered, In

A SERMON

Preached at the Funeral

of the Honourable,

Wait Winthrop Esq;

Who Expired, 7 d. IX m. 1717.

In the LXXVI Year of his Age.

By C. MATHER, D.D. & F.R.S.

*CHRISTE potens verum redeuntis conditor ævi,
Vox summi sensusque DEI, quem fudit ab alta
Mente Pater, tantique dedit CONSORTIA REGNI.*

Claud. de Christ. Servatore.

BOSTON: Printed by T. Green, 1717.

E P I T A P H I U M.

STA, Viator;
 Tumulumque mirare;
 Et Lacrymis Publicis adde Tuas;
 Luge jacturam Publicam,
 Si sis pars publici.
 PALATIUM est hic Locus,
 non TUMULUS.
 Cinis regitur hoc Marmore,
 Dignus Lapide Philosophorum tegi.
 Quatuor conduntur in hoc Tumulo
 WINTHROPI;
 Qui vel Quatuor orbis partes
 ditare sufficerent.
 Ignorat Historian¹ Nov-Anglicanam
 qui hanc nescit Familiam:
 Parvi pendet virtutem Universam
 qui hanc non magni facit.
 Horum Ultimus
 hoc cœmeterium ingressus,
 WAIT WINTHROP; Armiger,
 G 2 Cujus

¹ A broken m makes this word as printed.

44 EPITATHIUM.

Cujus hæc ultima Laus fuerit,
 Quod primos NOV-ANGLIÆ
 Honores gefferit,
 Fuit, Ah, FUIT!
 NOV-ANGLORUM Decus ac Tutamen;
 Lumen et Columen.
 MASSACHUSETTENSIS Colonia
 Instructor Exercituum,
 Generosus, at Pacificus;
 Et qui pro patria et pro pace mori potuit.
 Provinciæ, CONSILIARIUS primarius,
 cui prima fuit semper cura,
 Ne quid R. P. detrimenti caperet;
 Et in quo uno plures obierunt.
 JUDEX prætorius,
 Qui Justitiam atque Clementiam
 æque coluit.
 Maximis Regionis perfunctus Ho-
 noribus;
 Quos geffit Honores, Ornavit;
 Quos non geffit, meruit.
 Cum sinceritate PIUS,
 Cum integritate PROBUS;
 Ingenii Cælestis ac Modesti,
 Infra se omnia posuit,
 se infra omnes. Benig-

Benignus erga cunctos,
 Erga Indigos ac Egenos Benignissimus.
 Ab eo nemo Injuriam, accepit, etiam
 Inimicus;

Nemini Inimicus fuit,
 etiam Injuriis Laceffitus.
 Ab eo miser nemo reiectus,
 Pauper nemo Exclusus;
 Nemo unquam recessit iratus.

MEDICINÆ Peritus;
 Qui Arcanis vere Aureis, et Auro pre-
 ciosioribus potitus;
 Quæque et *Hippocratem* et *Helmontium*
 latuerunt,

Remedia panacæasque Adeptus;
 Invalidos omnes ubicunque sine pretio
 fanitati restituit;
 Et pene omnem Naturam fecit Medi-
 cam.

Qui jam sub hoc saxo dormit mortuus,
 Vivit in Cordibus multorum, imo mil-
 lium,

quorum vitas prolongavit.
 WINTHROPI merita cum
 WINTHROPO,
 non Funerabit Oblivio. Na-

46 EPITAPHIUM.

Natus, 27d. XII m. 1641.

Denatus, 7d. IX m. 1717.

Annum *Septuagesimum Sextum* agens

Moritur,

Cui *mille* Annorum Vitam,

Et plusquam *Methusalemiticam*, op-
tarunt

Quibus Vita chara, superstites.

F I N I S.

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